

not a gallery a space is railed off for the
women. The
prayers are mumbled by priests in dirty
vestments, while
the women knit and chatter. Candle-grease,
dust, and
dirt abound. There is such an air of
indifference about
priests and people that one asks what motive
it is which
impels them to leave their warm stable
dwellings ^ on
these winter mornings to shiver in a dark
and chilly
church. They say, " We will tread the paths
our fathers
trod; they are quite good enough for us."
Two nights
ago, in an *odah* full of men, the Kurdish
Jchanji, at the
canonical hour, fell down on his forehead at
prayer in
the midst of us, all daggers, pistols, and
finery as he was.
In which case is the worship most ignorant, I
wonder ?

I. L. B.